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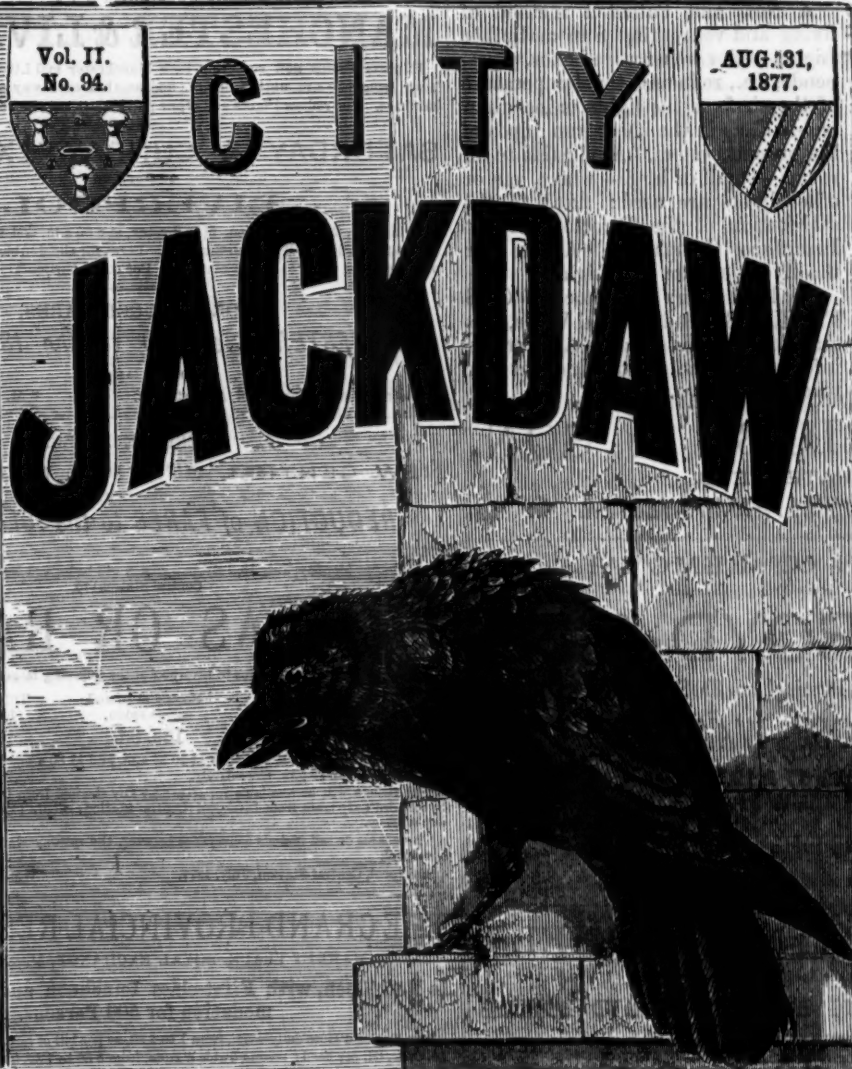
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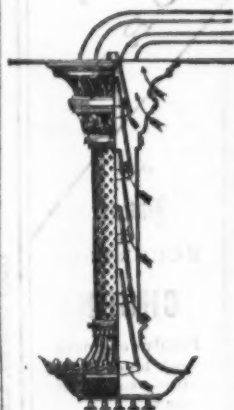
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Admission to the Gardens, 6d. each; 1s. each after 4 p.m.

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The Central Station, Manchester, adjoining the Free-trade Hall,
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NEW EXPRESS TRAIN SERVICE

BETWEEN

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Express Trains now run from both Manchester and Liverpool, at intervals of an
hour, from 8 30 a.m. until 7 30 p.m., and another each way at 9 30 p.m., in forty-five
minutes. For reduced fares and other particulars see time cards.

SATURDAY & SUNDAY EXCURSIONS

ARE RUN TO

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Leaving the Central Station, Manchester, at 8 30 a.m. and 2 30 p.m. on Saturdays;
and at 9 15 a.m. and 2 p.m. on Sundays. Fares for the double journey, returning day
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FOR REDUCED FARES,

MANCHESTER (Central) to the ISLE OF MAN,

SEE SPECIAL BILLS.

Central Station, Liverpool, August, 1877.

WM. ENGLISH, Manager.

CHESHIRE LINES:

NEW CENTRAL STATION, MANCHESTER.

REDUCTION of FARES to the ISLE OF MAN.

On and after Monday, July 16, 1877, passengers will be booked from MANCHESTER (New
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By any of the Express Trains to Liverpool at the following fares for the double journey:

First class and saloon cabin,	Second class and saloon cabin,	Third class and fore cabin,
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The tickets will be available for return by any steamer from Douglas to Liverpool, and
by any ordinary train from Liverpool (Central Station) within two calendar months of the
day of issue.

These fares do not include conveyance between the railway station and the steamer at
Liverpool.

Liverpool, Central Station, July, 1877.

WM. ENGLISH, Manager.

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MARKET PLACE, ROYAL EXCHANGE, MANCHESTER.

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Two Tables d'Hôte daily—viz., from 1 to 2 30, as per bill of fare, served in dining saloon
No. 2, 2s. 6d. per head; second Table d'Hôte, from 5 30 to 7 30, including wines, 4s. 6d. per
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ADJOINING VICTORIA RAILWAY STATION, MANCHESTER.

Visitors will find above hotel, which contains seventy beds, splendid com-
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comfortable in Manchester. Private sitting and bed rooms en suite.
Twelve fireproof and other stock rooms. Chop or steak, 1s. 6d.; and
dinners from 2s., at any hour. Wines and spirits of the first quality.
All charges strictly moderate. The above hotel is open at all hours of
the night to receive travellers. An ordinary daily at 1 20—soup, joint,
pastry, and cheese, 1s. 6d.

THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. II.—No. 94.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, AUGUST 31, 1877.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

ON POETS AND POETESSES.

(By O. H. SMIGGS.)

CONFESS it my readers! Have you not at some time or other tried to mount the much enduring Pegasus and have you not long ages ago sighed over the inability of your base minded fellow mortals to appreciate the sublime feelings expressed in your lines on an "expiring duck," or some like tender offspring of the poetic esteme.

"Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in Ascalon but whisper in our confiding ears' gate of those touching lines who once delighted the sentimental daughters of the Philistines" and raised a feeling of triumph in the by three volume novel, matured mind (vide Carlyle) of the then blushing Miss Figg. Alas! Miss T. is now the wife of an eminent soap boiler, and copies of the sonnet, addressed to her, which you once fancied out-byroned Byron, in its style, lay in your dust-covered desk amongst many other long forgotten passion tokens only to resuscitate under the cares of Nephew Dick, who makes up his lack of sentimentality by the free employment of his Uncle Tom's early productions.

And some day, when Mama Figgs discovers the clandestine correspondence carried on by her seventh daughter, she may perchance recognise in the poetical portion of the same a slight resemblance to one of the agencies employed in her own gushing and "first-love" days.

But space bids me return to the more minute consideration of my subject.

The world has mistaken ideas on many points, and the judgment it forms with regard to poets and poetesses is very far from being a correct one.

Even as every policeman has fallaciously got the credit of devouring endless quantities of somebody else's cold mutton, even as every servant is alleged to have a red-coated follower, even as the lodging-house keeper's cat, "who ne'er knew a crime," is supposed to be at the bottom of every theft occurring in the "young gemman's" chambers, so the poor riders of Pegasus are looked upon as a race of harmless, eccentric beings who live in some peculiar world of their own, and subsist on an ethereal diet.

Even Mr. Editor has fallen into this error, and the poetical contributors to his paper (I regret to say I am one) get each succeeding week more and more pathetic in their outbursts when they behold the number of little squalling mouths at home and the nothing wherewithall to fill them.

If the sins of the fathers are to be visited on the children after this manner, there will soon be no more poets in the world, and soft-hearted boarding-school misses may look in vain for the touching sonnet they were wont to water with their tears. Let me, then, try to give you some idea of what a verse-writer really is.

He is, generally speaking, extremely poor. He is a nobody, therefore he shrinks from creating nobodies. His heroes are kings and nobles. He dwells in a miserably furnished attic—(I do)—and therefore he makes his characters move in palaces. He cannot pay the rent, and being a charitably-minded individual, he will not place the beings of "his fertile fancy" in a like distressing situation. Their's is a life in "marble halls" and "princely bowers," and the land they dwell in a Utopia, without bailiffs or landlords. He looks sorrowfully at the stout form of his unpoetical better-half, and being driven well-nigh to madness by the extremely high-pitched voices of his twins, he tries to imagine some perfect angelic Miranda has descended to comfort him, and unites himself (in verse only) with some gentle Leonore, persuading himself, whilst the foolscap lies

before him, that his buxom wife, together with her caudlesque curtain lectures and the five hungry children, are amongst those joys or sorrows existing only with the "memories of the past."

His "gentle, pensive maidens" die and go to heaven, and he almost wishes he could do the same.

He sees "sermons in stones and good in everything," but he fails to comprehend the utility of an empty larder, and would prefer to find nourishment to discourses in the pavement on which he treads.

The "ruby wine" with him is an occasional glass of "twopenny stout," and the "sun, just sinking in the east," is brought to his mind by the appearance of the dirty "maid of all work," who needs the light of the only spluttering candle to aid her in "puttin' the childer to bed."

His "princely purple vestment" was once a "two-guinea serge," but having been rescued out of the hands of a sympathetic Jewish uncle, out of the jaws of a pawnshop, the "all that is left of it" is not very much, and, indeed, for that matter, three yawning holes constitute the largest part of the same. He "cares for nobody, no, not he;" yet he keeps an anxious look-out for the owner of his room, and, strange to say, manages to disappear under the bed at the rent-day's appearance of that individual.

He "remembers the house where he was born!" Yes; and so does Mr. Bumble, and so do the workhouse nurses, and so does Mr. Thrashem, the Union schoolmaster, who scored his back for him at the tender age of twelve.

He "remembers the pine trees waving high." Yes, and nearly broke his neck trying to get eggs out of a three-year-old nest, in the same way tearing his already ragged breeches in the attempt, and getting an endless number of scratches and bruises.

He "used to think their slender spires were leant against the sky."

Come now, Mr. Poet, let us for once be honest. Did you ever give a thought about the matter, or, if you believed their summits to be amongst the clouds, why did you and that hopeless ragamuffin, Tommy Tomkins, try "who'd be there the first."

Surely you weren't either of you prepared for a place above, if one can judge by the amount of "swishing" you weekly, nay, daily, received. But enough! I have written sufficient to shew that poets and poetesses are but mortals when all is said and done, and if my small efforts can but win for my poor brethren a more regular payment for their productions I shall be content.

P.S.—Since writing the above, Slocum, whose wife died last week, has come into my room to borrow half-a-crown. Poor devil! He left this with me for the money. Can you make any use of it?

SOLITUDE.

A dark pine tree stands lonely
Where cruel north winds blow,
It sleeps, and for a mantle
Weareth the cold white snow.
'Tis of a palm it dreameth,
A palm in morning land,
Which solitary waneth
Amidst the desert sand.

Slocum is a true poet, as you will see by the wretched nonsense he talks about a pine tree dreaming of a palm.

If the fellow would only call things by their proper names, and say Arabia instead of "morning land," there might be hopes entertained of his recovery. As it is, I fear he's too far gone to be cured.

A NEW POET.

To the Editor of the "City Jackdaw."

MR. Editor, sir, i hav been for some time past readin your Hints on Makin Potry, with so much had-vantije that i hav resalved to abandone my present honnerable, but not very payin perfession, which i am a greengrocer, and turn my atenshun to potry, hereing as how Mr Tennyson and Mr. Swinburne, and a lot of uthers makes a good thing out of the bizness. If they can make it pay i dont see no reason why i shouldnt two. I sends a few peaces of potry, whitch i will trubble you to insert in your next Jackdaw, and send me a chek immejetly cause i'm ard up. By-the-by you talks a good-eel in your Hints about a poetik lisense. Will you please tell me were i can git one of them there lisenses and what is the price?—Yours poettkily,

JABEZ SKINNER.

P.S.—Do you think my own nam wuold sownd poettkike enuf, or do ou th ink i shuld rite with the nam of the Coarse-hair of the Bowndless Mane.

[The following is one of the specimens enclosed by our correspondent.—Ed. C. J.]

THE stars is shinin up on high
Like taller-candles in the ski,
My buteus Betsy waits for me
Under the old crab-apple tree.

Oh Betsy, dear, i'm comin soon
And then we two will bag the moon.
(My bruther ges this is'nt rite
But if it ain't why blow-me-tight.)

My Betsy's ize is like in hue
To them there balls of washin blue,
(What washerwomen use i mean
To make their duds all nice and cleen.)

Her nose is jes the luvliet conk
What ever made a feller funk,
And wish as ow he were a rose
For to be smelled by that there nose.

Her mouth is oh so nice and smawl
You'd ardlly think 'twas one at awl,
If it where too or thre times grater
'Twould ardlly hold a good-sized tater.

Her form is like a hangel's, though
She aint a got no wings you know,
I'm glad she aint for praps she'd fli
Like some cock-sparrow in the ski.

And wicked boys might chuck some stones,
And break my darlin Betsy's bones,
Or hit her in her blessed eye
And then she'd tumble down and die.

But what is more than all beside
(That line aint 'zackly boney fide
Cause why, i've cribd it from a book)
My Betsy (who you know's a cook)

Has got a pot o' money hid
She ses she's more'n forty quid!
Taint for the brass i loves her so
Poets aint quite so beastly low.

But still i'm good at spendin cash,
And likes to do the grand and flash,
So Betsy's brass 'll handy be
Till i'm pade for my poetry.

Oh Betsy Jane, oh Betsy love
You are my own, my turtle dove,
You makes me feel so jolly queer
I jes must go and have some beer.

QUEER TIMES.

H Mr. Jackdaw, don't you think,
That times are very funny,
When ships are made express to sink,
And men won't work for money?
When Sultans leave their tott'ring thrones
In manner most sublimely,
And end themselves, as each man owns,
Just when their end was timely.

When kings will talk of making war
As something most amusing,
Convincing folks 'twere better far
They all below were snoozing;
When Europe's atmosphere is filled
With nought but guns and rifles,
When volunteers are to be killed
For just the merest trifles.

When coming things can be foretold,
And that too very truly,
When statesmen own to taking gold,
For doing things unruly;
When all men strive the rest to beat,
In swimming, walking, running,
When youths to smokes their papas treat,
And ask them aint it stunning.

When ladies think 'tis time they ought
To have a turn in ruling,
When legislators come to nought
For lack of better schooling;
When girls in all our public schools
Are each led by their missis
Thro' darken'd walks, where simp'ring fools
Steal from them sweetest kisses.

When men who own bent forms and heads
On which time's long been snowing,
Will dare take wives unto their beds
But half their summers knowing;
When young men lure confiding girls
Into most secret places,
And ruthless crush their pretty curls,
And smack their angel faces.

I need not say a sentence more
About the times so funny,
But, wishing all man's troubles o'er,
And him with lots of money;
He, working hard, must certain be
By fates propitious friended,
And with the wish you've heard from me,
Enough, so be it ended.

OLD JOSE.

TORIES AND JEWS.

THE members of the Manchester Conservative Club have three times blackballed a well-known insurance agent, on the distinct ground that they don't want Jews in the Club. This must be very grateful news to the few Jews who are Tories! The Tories treat the Jews much as they do their Dissenting supporter—Mr. Richard Haworth. They tolerate them at election times, but at all other times they give them the cold shoulder. Humility is a great and an ornamental virtue, and is sure to be conspicuous both in the Jew and in the Christian. Tory Jews kiss the hands that have always oppressed them, and Dissenters—like Mr. Richard Haworth—do very much the same thing. Still we cannot say that their conduct is contemptible, but, on the contrary, it is perfectly refreshing in this proud and arrogant community to see such genuine and unaffected humility.

A PARTY WITHOUT A PROGRAMME.

THAT was a suggestive saying of Earl Granville's to the Bradford Liberals that the Liberal party was one which, for its own advantage, should have no fixed programme. The sentiment was one which merely echoed the opinions of Mr. John Bright, and will be found on reflection to have nothing especially novel in it; but, such a thought breaks ready for entrenchment, ground on which our political adversaries have been in the habit of insultingly parading. It may seem queer that Mr. Bright, who, of all men, has stuck staunchly to a programme and has aired what the Tories called his crotchets, should commit himself to assertions of this sort; but the fact is that the success of the party of progress lies in a system of individual assault. The Conservatives, on the other hand, whose policy consists, principally, in possessing a programme, have no use in their ranks for the individual action which has always been the glory and boast of the Liberal party. It is in this way without a doubt, that the British system of government—the most successful as we take it, on philosophic grounds, in the whole world—is carried on. A leading Liberal is not a mere puppet, who has been placed in his position by the force or exigence of party circumstances. He has a will and understanding of his own, and if he obtains the position of leader, it is by reason of his own inner consciousness and convictions on this question or that. The chances are that when a man's individual convictions attain so much prominence, they will, in the natural order of things, have forced their way into the council of the nations to be discussed on their merits, either as good or bad. Who, however, ever heard of a Conservative originating anything?—unless, indeed, he may be a man who, like Lord Beaconsfield, makes party politics subservient to some great ambition or vision. Lord Beaconsfield has never to our mind presented the idea of a true Conservative. He has again and again rebelled against the traditions of his party by mixing up individual action with solid policy. He is what may be called an inverted Liberal, for while he ever subordinates the programme of his party to ends more or less personal, the Liberal, on the other hand, brings his crotchets—if you will—as a contribution to the national life in which they are by and by merged. Hence it follows that the strength of our constitution lies in a very simple aphorism, which we present for the consideration of our readers: the Radical of yesterday is the Liberal of to-day and the Conservative of to-morrow. Through this grand progressive process we may, if we take up any history book, watch the gradual and irresistible development of social and moral good in this country. It is no use for the Tories to carp at us and say that we have no programme, and are divided, and that each man has his crotchets. This is our glory, and so long as our crotchets are on the road to become constitutional items, we need not mind the sneer. Free trade was a crotchet; so was parliamentary reform, the abolition of slavery, and what other accomplished good ideas the reader may choose to think of. They were crotchets. What are they now? They are all constitutional principles, dear to the heart of every Conservative. Ask a Tory to give up the ballot now and he would be horrified. He would call you a wicked Radical, a traitor to throne and altar. All this comes from the Liberal party having no programme. It may be a law of nature—who knows—that human progress should accomplish itself in this way. We say, human, because a similar provision may be seen at work in all lands, even amongst savages, but with less glorious facilities than in England. Therefore, Lord Granville and John Bright are wise in preaching this apparently queer doctrine, that the Liberal party are better without a programme, and we for our part are not quite certain whether it would not be better for the cause of progress that the Liberal party should always remain in opposition. The party which is in power is rather apt to give way to a tendency to lazy consolidation.

THE DWELLINGS OF THE POOR.

HONEST Ben Brierley has been unburdening his mind on this question, but his utterances are more philosophic than practical. He says that during nearly two years work on the Nuisance Committee he has been able to observe all sorts of things. He, therefore, indulges in some powerful writing, as for instance this:—"During several of my more recent visits to the haunts of human misery that are a disgrace to civilisation the conviction has become more and more impressed on my mind that our poor are not being treated as though they belonged to the same social economy as ourselves. We seem to have said to them—'Hide yourselves wherever you can, live as you can (though it were better to die), so that your wretchedness be no concern of ours.' Squalor, over which no hand is raised but to make it more foul, met my gaze at every turn. A sensation as of treading upon human carcases, stricken down by a more merciless arm than the sword, was the feeling that prevailed over every other; and the sound of the Town Hall bells, so soon to ring in merry peals, as if there was nothing but joy and gladness in the homes of men, was to me the music of another and a far-off clime." There is nothing very new in this, though it evidently displays the possession of a kind heart by Councillor Brierley. One thing to which he calls attention, however, has been noticed before, and it is worthy of further notice. This is the meaning, to the poor, of what are called city improvements. "At the first thought," says Mr. Brierley, "I was led to attribute this state of things to the cupidity of landlords, who had made one house into two by fastening up the inner door; but when an old and decent-looking woman put to me the question, 'Where must we live?' I was inclined to accept a more charitable conclusion. Where are the poor to live? Can you answer me, ye who are ever tinkering at some social difficulty without turning a thought to this? These people have been driven by hundreds of families from the heart of the city, and from places where they found it impossible any longer to pay the ever-increasing rents. They have been driven hither and to similar districts, without any regard as to where they might find a shelter; and the greed of landlords is helping to bring about such a retribution as may lead to disasters we cannot measure the extent of. 'If you break open that door and make the house as it was,' said the old woman, 'where must I go to?' And if we don't, what may we expect? is our answer." It is as well that the public eye should occasionally be invited to look on such pictures, but Mr. Brierley, who is a sensible and practical man, would have done further service by suggesting a remedy. As the question is not raised by us, we suggest none, except that Mr. Brierley might ask some of his fellow Councillors—speculators in cottage property—how it is that they enrich themselves at the expense of the poor?

CORRESPONDENCE.

We beg to acknowledge the following letter:—

The "Manchester City News," 4, Warren-street, Manchester.

Dear Sir,—Please contradict the report that Mr. Neave is the author of the article in the *Jackdaw* on the Literary Club. I have a considerable bet on, and it is agreed between me and my friend that if you decline to reply, or if you give an evasive answer, that we shall conclude that Neave is the author. To state that you do not decide bets, or that any editorial delicacy forbids you from giving a distinct answer, will be accepted as an evasive reply. Therefore, nothing but a plain, straightforward NO will settle the case.—Yours,

H. FRANKS.

LAIRITZ'S FINE WOOL OIL.—The MARCHIONESS of WESTMINSTER testifies to its great efficacy. PHILADELPHIA and Eight other Prize Medals awarded. Certain cure for Rheumatism, Tic, Neuralgia, etc. Sold by L. BEAVER, 87, Cross Street, Manchester, and all chemists, in bottles from 1s. 1½d. upwards.



AMUSEMENTS.

ALEXANDRA HALL, Peter-street, Manchester.—**TO-NIGHT**, Mr. and Mrs. West, Mr. Charles McCarthy, Little Lilly, Miss Ruth Nelson, James Davies, the Cure upside down; Sisters Leclerc, Mr. W. H. Adams, the Celebrated Masked Minstrels. **MONDAY NEXT**, Messrs. Henderson and Stanley, C. H. Pearson, the Sussex Dwarf; Mr. and Mrs. Pike, Mr. Hughson, Mr. Fred. Vincent, Miss Ransome. Prices 6d. and 1s. Opens at 7.

AQUARIUM, Alexandra Park, will remain **OPEN UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE**. By order, F. J. FARADAY.

THE MANCHESTER GLACIARIUM, RUSHOLME.

REAL ICE SKATING DAILY.

Open from 3 to 5, and 7 30 to 9 30 p.m.

BAND on **TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY EVENINGS**.

Admission, 2s.; Wednesday, 1s.

MANCHESTER WAREHOUSEMEN AND CLERKS' ORPHAN SCHOOLS, CHEADLE HULME

GARDEN PARTY AND FESTIVAL

IN THE

GROUNDS OF THE INSTITUTION, ON **SATURDAY, 8TH SEPTEMBER, 1877**

The Programme will include—

ATHLETIC SPORTS, DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE, GRAND CONCERT,
THE MINE-HAHA TROUPE OF CHRISTY MINSTRELS.
MUSEUM OF WORKS OF ART, AND JUVENILE ENTERTAINMENTS.

Refreshments supplied by Messrs. Parker and Sons.

MILITARY BAND IN ATTENDANCE.

The Sports will commence at 2 30 p.m. Admission to the Ground, 6d., and to each Entertainment, 6d.

Books of Coupons, admitting to all, price 2s. 6d., may be had from Messrs. A. Megson and Son, Market-street; Messrs. Parker and Sons, St. Mary's Gate and St. Ann's Square; Mr. Schofield, secretary Manchester Athenæum; from any member of the committee; or from
SAML. MABBOTT, Secretary, 88, Mosley-street.

NOTICE.—Copies of No. 89 of the *City Jackdaw*, containing a sketch of Mr. RICHARD HAWORTH as one of "Our Public Men," may be obtained at our office.

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

THAT *Evening Mail* exceeded itself last week, for it put on the bill

SERIOUS CHARGE

AGAINST

MR. GLADSTONE!

Silly people, who are not familiar with such trumpery and indecent attempts to catch halfpence, were buying that paper in all directions, when they were sold themselves. Mr. Gladstone had not been prosecuted for burglary or poisoning, but the *Daily Telegraph* had simply been telling lies about him as usual.

SUPPOSING that Mr. Gladstone *did* incite the Greeks to revolt—which is supposing a good deal, on the authority of the *Daily Telegraph*—what then?

THURSDAY'S *Guardian* had a notice to the effect that the Bishop of Salford had bought the Aquarium for £6,958, and intended to carry it on as a museum and aquarium. We are glad to hear that Bishop Vaughan has so much money to throw away, but what does the Rev. T. H. Gill say of it? is it not another Jesuit conspiracy?

THE papers are deluged just now with letters about "A Cure for Hydrophobia." The *Jackdaw* makes the suggestion that hydrophobia is not a disease at all, but a superstition. This is more than a suggestion, it is a deduction from all scientific and medical evidence which has been observed. For superstition in the individual there is no cure, therefore there is no cure for hydrophobia.—Q.E.D.

THE Tyldesley School Board have been advertising for a master, and, among others, have received the following application:—

"Dear sir I, see you have advertised for a man to Look after Schoolers to attend school Me being an Old School Master i should no soinething about itt i now the wages is but Little but it will Plesse me at Present I should be very Glad to see you think Proper your, respectfully—"

We are not in a position to say whether or not this schoolmaster is likely to obtain the situation for which he has applied, but we should think that if his further credentials prove to be satisfactory he would be quite good enough for Tyldesley.

We do not know whether the announcement that "the Prince and Princess of Wales have been several times to see 'Pink Dominos'" is intended to be taken as a certificate of the propriety of that piece, or is merely used as a trap to catch snobs. Some people will doubtless assume that a play which has been several times patronized by the Prince and Princess must be a highly moral and improving production, while another class will doubtless be attracted by the announcement, and will rush to see what has been seen by personages so august, under the impression that by so doing they will be enabled to walk in the shadow of Royalty. The *Jackdaw* is loyalty itself, and hastens to repudiate sympathy with any disgusted purist who may suggest that a prince who attends such a performance on more than one occasion must be suspected of possessing little brains and less morality, while the princess who accompanies him can hardly be considered capable of blushing, as any ordinary lady can do on occasion.

It is to be feared that the dreadful war of which we read so much must go on now until one or other of the combatants is utterly exhausted. The Turks are fighting, as was predicted of them, for their life, and the

To SMOKERS: { Mounted Briars, Meerschaums, Cigar Cases, Tobacco Pouches, Cigarettes, and Smokers' Requisites of every description. } **Withecumb, 32, Victoria-st., & 66, Market-st.**

Russians for prestige and position, which are equally dear to them. Under these circumstances, and as neither combatant can expect to reap any solid advantage, it is sad to reflect on the folly or crime of European capitalists, some of whom will be always found to back up the nation which seems to be victorious in a strife of this kind; so long as the winning side for the time can obtain loans, so long will the slaughter be encouraged. If the further British supplies were stopped for both nations the war would collapse at a period not remote, but Capital seems to go mad in view of European complications.

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]



WHEN I was young I had a mind
Disposed to speculation,
A thing which youth's instructors find
A source of much vexation.
For knowledge I was wont to burn;
They found it hard to hold me;
But, in my eagerness to learn,
I doubted half they told me.

The story told of Balaam's ass
As Gospel I received it;
But, through my zeal, it came to pass
I never quite believed it.
I knew the terms which he addressed
The celebrated moke in;
I could not tell—I vainly guessed—
The language which he spoke in.

Of illustrations such as these
The store I have is ample;
But I will ask you, if you please,
To take this one example.
The moral will be plain to some,
And all I hope will nab it,
And shun the fate to which I've come,
Through this confounded habit.

TORY LIBERALITY!

OF those of us who are, as the Yankees say, in the "sinner track" of Manchester life, it will not be a matter of surprise that the Tories scarcely figure at all in subscription lists for national objects. We have many a time noticed it, but have never said anything on the subject, because we have always wished to shield our charities from the appearance of a party character. The Tories have reaped immense advantage among us from the way in which they have appeared to be the chief supporters of our public institutions; but how false has been the impression conveyed! For the last fifteen years Mr. Hugh Birley, M.P., has been chairman of the Weekly Board of the Infirmary; and we may safely say that in St. Michael's and in New Cross Wards there has been an impression that he and his Tory friends kept the Infirmary going with their money.

Now Mr. Birley has clutched at office and has held it at the Infirmary for many years, but all well-informed people know that many Manchester families have contributed ten times as much money to the Infirmary as all the Birleys put together. Nobody would ever compare the money contributed by the Philipps with that sent by the Birleys, but yet the Birleys have reaped all the glory.

Now, Mr. Birley has happily been deposed, and the sham has burst up. Instead of being chairman of the whole of the charities belonging to the Infirmary he has been delegated to the Small-pox Hospital at Monsall!

We all know that Mr. Tom Rose, the chairman of the Tory party, used strong and characteristic language in denunciation of the shabbiness of the Tory party, in money matters, after the defeat of Mr. Powell. Mr. J. W. Maclure also used strong language—but that is a mere habit of his—against the "beggarly" Tories, and more especially against a well-known public man, who, after being allowed to mix among "gentlemen" for a full fortnight, only sent £25 to the Powell fund. On extreme pressure he made it £50, and we are sure he will thank us for mentioning the fact, for the gentleman in question does not care to have his light hid under a bushel.

In confirmation of what we have said, let us look at the subscription list for the Indian famine relief, as advertised in the papers. Among those who give £250 each there is not a single Tory, but as usual we find Mr. R. N. Philips, M.P., Mr. Hugh Mason, Mr. Thomas Ashton, E. Potter and Co., Mrs. Oliver Heywood, Mr. F. W. Grafton, &c., all Liberals.

No Tory gives £200, which is the next sum on the list. Among the eleven firms which give £100 each, there are ten Liberals and only one Tory, viz., Messrs. Curtis, Son, and Co., and they in better days were Liberals, and consequently have had a beneficent training. There are twenty firms which give £50 each, and, so far as we can judge, only three of them are Tory and seventeen are Liberal—liberal in all senses. The subscriptions under £50 are in the same proportion, that is to say, the Liberal subscriptions are in the proportion of at least six to one. In Salford, the same state of things exists as in Manchester. Not long ago there was a public fund raised for the relief of the Indian famine, and there was not a single Tory who gave £50, and yet there were a score of Liberals who contributed each that sum. There were the Armitages and the Agnews of course, and there were the Heywoods and the Lees. Where were the Richard Haworths, the Hornby Birleys, and the W. W. Gouldens?

In a certain ancient book which Mr. Bright, M.P., always advances as the charter of the Radical party, it is said that "a liberal man deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he be known," or something to that effect. Some ultra genteel people may think it wrong to mention all these things, and so should we but for the ostentatious pretentiousness of the Tory party in Manchester and Salford, which is for ever boasting of its charities. In contrasting the liberality of the Reform Club in King Street with the miserly doings of the Conservative Club in Cross Street, we merely wish to correct a stupid impression of which the Tory party has taken immense advantage.

MANCHESTER WAREHOUSEMEN AND CLERKS ORPHAN SCHOOLS' FETE.

IF, by the aid of Aladdin's Lamp, we could secure one fine dry day it certainly should be Saturday, the 8th inst., as it would materially assist the success of the effort the committee of these valuable schools are making to amuse and entertain a large concourse of subscribers and the general public, on the occasion of opening a new wing of recent extension.

The programme of the festival will be best understood by referring to the advertisement in our columns, but we may here say it is varied and complete both for in and out-door amusements. The worthy honoured chairman of the executive committee has presented a handsome sterling silver cup—now on view at the society's office, Athenæum—for the cleverest athletic adult, and a silver medal for the most successful boys in the schools who gets most marks in the general contest of the fete day.

In addition, a prize of a life membership is offered to the writer of the most appropriate poetical address, to be delivered in the large dining-hall, which, for the day, will be transformed into a Thespian temple.

It goes without saying that we wish the schools and the fete a hearty success, and we would urge a few thousands of those Manchester warehousemen, of prudent habits, to take a trip to Cheadle Hulme, and see the legacy of comfort and content they may purchase for their orphan children for one guinea a year.

CIGARS at WITHECOMB'S are the CHOICEST, 3d., 4d., 6d., 9d., 1s., and 2s. 6d. each.

SUNDAY MORNING RAMBLES—NORTHENDEN CHURCH.

WHEN old Congo seriously proposed to go to church at Northenden on Whit Sunday, we seriously inquired whether there was anything the matter with him; and, notwithstanding the queer look in his eyes, we found there was nothing wrong with his head. He said he knew that I seldom failed to go to Church three times in the year namely, Christmas day, Easter, and Whit-Sunday, and if we would come with him he would give Whitsuntide a good start off. We agreed, and a real treat it proved to us. The sun-dial indicated seven o'clock when we met in Rusholme. The morning reminded us of gentle Shakespear's line, "Full many a glorious morning have I seen flutter the mountain tops with sovereign eye," only of course there were no mountains at hand. We felt a decided superiority over many of our fellow subjects who no doubt lay dozing about; that was legitimate, for we are often oppressed with a sense of inferiority when we are dozing at even a later hour. When we do rise early, however, we always find a freshness in the morning air, and a richness in the country landscape, which at other times are wanting. On the occasion of which we write, the copious showers of the evening before had made a magical change in the general aspect of things countryfied. The subdued peacefulness of everything about us was the natural quiet of a Sunday morning, and so, when after an hour's easy sauntering along the roadside, stopping ever and anon to admire the tasteful gardening; we heard the happy bells ringing for early service in the neighbouring churches; we blessed our stars that we lived in England. "Yes," said old Congo, "I'd rather live in England than—die anywhere else." And from his state of bliss I believed him. Things are not in a very bad condition when men can thus breathe freely, away at any rate for a brief period from the pressure and heat of

Life's fitful fever.

Were it not for these weekly returns of business cessation, what in the name of fortune would become of us all? So we thought, as we saw here and there a busy city man in his slippers sunning himself and inhaling the perfumes of his flower beds. Wealth, intelligence, and taste, seem to have been at work for many years in this charming district. Villas of every size and style, grounds ample and most highly cultivated adorn this pleasantest of all the suburbs of Manchester. And as we passed along old Congo pointed to the palatial residence of many a city magnate whose position in early life bore no resemblance or proportion to his present magnificence. No doubt many have forgotten the time when they trudged to their work with their "Caggin" under their arm. They were then like the chrysalis and now like the butterfly, a real Darwinian development! and more power to them say we. The road to Northenden, by Didabury and along the bank of the river to the old bridge is a favourite stroll, but the more direct way is of course by the New Road from Withington. It is a straight cutting of interminable length but lined with very imposing modern mansions. It's deficiency in natural beauty is made up for by the artificial grandeur which some might prefer. The new Bridge spanning the Mersey is a fine structure, but hang it, we like old bridges in the country if even they are a little shaky. However we made use of it and soon found ourselves near the straggling little village of Northenden. Modern notions seem to be just beginning to make themselves felt here, but generally things are of the old world style. Before turning to the Restored Church which was reopened by the Bishop of Chester the day before, after being closed for about three years, old Congo would have us a step further on the main road to peep at Mr. Tatton's charming place at Wythenshawe. Squire Tatton is a lucky dog to have such a home as Wythenshawe Hall. It is said his family can trace an unbroken succession for nearly a thousand years. We advise him to stay there, for a more delightfully picturesque spot it would be very difficult to discover. To us on Sunday morning it presented a lovely picture of perfect peace. The

Hall lies embosomed in a thick wood, but here and there, an opening affords a glimpse of the old place. Some portions are modernised but it still retains a generally antique character. Externally, the hall would not be considered pretentious, but we are told the appointments internally are all antique and in the most exquisite taste. The grounds are most ample, well wooded and of the most luxuriant character. The plantations have certainly been arranged by an artist, and they swarm with the commoner small birds and with game. As we strolled along the semi-public road round the wood we saw an odd hare or two of a thumping size and any quantity of rabbits. As to pheasants, we certainly would like to be in at the sport next November. We noticed an avenue of particularly tall trees which seemed to be much appreciated by rooks, altogether the scene could not be described as other than "truly rural." How we lingered about this charming and secluded estate, listening to the melody of a thousand singing birds is a thing to be remembered. Longer we would gladly have stayed, but the peal of bells in the old tower at Northenden which still stands to tell of days long gone by reminded us that if we wanted to look at the "Ringers" we must retrace our steps. A group of country bell ringers is generally an interesting sight. In this case they are in full sight of the congregation, the tower opening into the new church. When we stepped into the Church they were just taking a breathing after which they at it again as if they meant it. One old chap was a "riglar pictur" his picture in solid gold would be very desirable indeed, old Congo said if he had it he would have him melted down properly. His proportions were large and his peculiar tint was vermillion well varnished. The ringers altogether were a "nobby lot." If they did look a little thirsty they can discourse music which reminded us of Henry Irving. The church is wonderfully improved, Mr. Tatton has erected at his own cost the north and south aisles, the chancel has been erected at the sole cost of Archdeacon Johnson, the rector, the nave and aisles have been rebuilt by the parishioners. The style is perpendicular Gothic of the characteristic Cheshire type. The plan and general proportions of the new structure closely follow those of her ancient fabric. We are glad of this, for it is well to keep up continuity in those things. There were in the old buildings indications of a Saxon character, and this is the fifth structure which has been erected upon the site. The congregation on Sunday was very representative. The old villager of four score years and the young squire of twenty-one were present. The servant maid and her charming mistress were there. The aristocrat and little "buttons." The rich man and the beggar were also there, but they all seemed satisfied with their new church, and perhaps the Te Deum was never more heartily given. We returned to our humble homes wiser, and trust better men; we had a most charming Sunday morning ramble; we had seen that Northenden Church had not been abolished; we enjoyed more than ever the family dinner; and as a parting word we say to the reader go to Northenden New Church on the first fine Sunday morning.

CONSERVATIVES ON THE SPREE.

TO what base uses may we not come! Caesar's ashes may, according to the philosophic Gravedigger, have served to stop a bung hole, and Conservative fervour in Lancashire has for its ultimate end the emptying of beer barrels at Belle Vue or Pomona. Messrs. Jennison have generously on this occasion thrown open their gates at the ordinary charge to the host of ardent Constitutionalists who are smitten at certain seasons of the year with a fever of display, just as at certain times various species of animals and birds are accustomed to moult or get the mange, or to desire to propagate their species. Conservatives here and elsewhere suffer from periodical fits of devotion to the throne and altar, the symptoms of which are exhibited by an adjournment to some popular

WORMALD'S CREAM OINTMENT, FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE SKIN, IS TRULY EFFICACIOUS.
FOTS, 184d. and 2s. 9d.

place of resort, the proprietor whereof gains much profit by the amount of liquor and other refreshments consumed. For be it noted that the license which usually accompanies Conservative demonstrations is endorsed with the familiar motto—"to be drunk on the premises." The proprietors of Belle Vue and Pomona would be foolish if they did not always insist on a clear understanding with the loyal and generous people who come to them for accommodation. There must be no mistake about it. The money taken at the gates must go to the proprietor of the gardens, and whatever is partaken of must bring grist to the mill. Messrs. Jennison and Reilly are very glad to support the good cause and welcome the Conservatives within their gates, but they are still more glad to get hold of money. A couple of under secretaries and a local nobody or two, with plenty of billsticking are the facile attractions offered, and the responsive crowds are enormous. Yet Conservative demonstrations are a blessing in their way, for it is to be presumed that many a local Conservative will be found next Monday who, had it not been for his delight in the British constitution, would never have seen an elephant, or known the difference between a camel and dromedary. Within hearing of the monkeys these Conservatives will probably adopt a loyal address, expressing confidence in her Majesty's Ministry, and condemning Liberal agitators; and the news of this great Conservative demonstration will travel over the length and breadth of the land, and gladden the heart even of the Queen on her throne. Meantime Messrs. Jennison will be chuckling, for they will have pocketed as much money as they usually do on a gala occasion.

FOGIE PAPERS.

[BY AN OLD FOGIE.]

ON A MUTTON BONE.

THIS is my eternal grievance, and I think I could at any time write columns about it, more especially as it suggests something fresh. The other day I sat down before it, and it set me thinking instead of eating, or rather I lapsed into that frame of mind, being lonely, and, perhaps, out of spirits, when the creaking of one's own jaw becomes an intolerable nuisance. I am not sure whether I have made myself clear on this point. I know the sensation well enough. But, as I said before, the mutton bone set me thinking, and, when one begins to think on so ghastly a subject, there is no knowing to what one may arrive. First of all there arose in my mind a furious hatred of all cold mutton, and a special loathing for this joint before me. It was a shoulder, and had weighed originally—but I forget, it was so long ago—about fifteen pounds. Any one would have supposed that with the help of the cat, and the slavey, and Mrs. Clarkson, I might have got through this in a fortnight. Not so, however; the peculiarity of my mutton bones is that I never get through them. However, as I was saying, I was thinking; and my thoughts went far away from the mutton bone and the cat, and I forgot altogether I had come home expressly for the purpose of regaling myself. I could not eat a morsel, so I left off trying and began to reflect on the abominable nature of this meat, which I could not devour. As I walked home I flattered myself that I was hungry enough for anything. The mere sight of that bone, and the first crack of my jaws demolished all appetite. Perhaps I am fastidious and whimsical, for such things often happen to me. If it had been anything else but cold mutton I think I could have absorbed it with pleasure. I began to think that I would like a nice little dinner

with about five courses. You must not think I am starving, or anything of that kind, but I must say that I do like a good dinner, when I can get it;—a dinner with variety in it, and taste, and relish;—a dinner which suggests a cook; but cold mutton, you see, suggests nothing but a cupboard full of cockroaches, and the cat. I am not ashamed to own my partiality for a good dinner. There is more in good feeding and comfortable living than most people imagine. It is all very well to talk about healthy frugal habits, and the simple wants of nature, but after all are the wants of nature so very simple? I find that I take kindly to all sorts of things which I do not always get, and they seem to do me good. Good living is good for all people—plenty of eating, and drinking, and luxuries. I suppose that an archdeacon must eat and drink twice as much as a curate, and not eat too much—any more than the curate necessarily eats too little. I have often thought that one could make a shrewd guess at the salary and position of a clergyman whom one might meet in the street from his personal appearance—I will not say from the amount of fat, but from the general sleekness or want thereof. There is a sort of comfortable appearance in men, which speaks undeniably of good feeding. Musing thus I forget for awhile the mutton bone, but happening to glance at it again, I rush out to dinner at the nearest restaurant—not a very luxurious feast, but anything is better than cold mutton.

THE THEATRES.

SELDOM at this season have such crowded houses been drawn in August as those which are attracted to the Prince's Theatre by "Pink Dominoes." The play has been well advertised, that is one thing, and comes to us from London with a naughty reputation, which we are bound to say it fully sustains. Not that there is anything glaringly indecent in the piece, for it is rather morality than decency that is offended. It is, of course, an adaptation from the French, and beyond such matters as the substitution of "Cremorne" for "Mabille," and so on, and the quasi naturalisation of foreign vices in word and thought, the work has been faithfully and cleverly performed. The comedy abounds in smart sayings and episodes, and is never actually dull as is the case with some adaptations, where the adapter's ambition has been to thoroughly purify his work. "Pink Dominoes," however, is framed on a thoroughly vicious model; the constant sneers against all which we have been taught to consider good and noble, the mocking at all virtue, the constant allusions to conjugal infidelity which are put into the mouths of the characters, especially of the ladies, do not benefit by translation into English. Such as it is, however, the play is received with enthusiasm. Nightly there are crowded houses, and though we could not honestly recommend any lady of our acquaintance to pay a visit, we noticed several ladies who seemed, on one night this week, to enjoy the representation. To the pure, of course, all things are pure; but, then, on the other hand, it is dangerous to touch pitch; with which remark we quit the general subject, and proceed to speak with commendation of the acting of Messrs. Maltby and Barrett, who are both masters in their own peculiar line. There is not much room for ladies to distinguish themselves in this particular piece—as the parts allotted to them are not only unpleasant, but flimsy. At the same time Miss Minnie Harford, Miss Rose Massie, and Miss Hathaway all acquit themselves fairly. It must be understood that our bad opinion of this piece has not been formed from its general composition or plot—which are both harmless enough—but from the vicious moral tone which pervades it.

The Queen's gives us, as usual, good strong, solid entertainment, of a kind commented on by us as being both harmless and amusing.

The "revival" of Henry VIII.—why revival?—is an elaborate spectacle and nothing more.

VINCENT HICKS, Military Tailor, 97, Deansgate (one door from King Street). Agent for the **NEW PATENT VICTOR SHIRT**, warranted not to crease in front. **SUITS, 63s. TROUSERS, 16s. 6d.**

HOLYBEAR v. BASHAW. BASHAW v. HOLYBEAR.
CHAPTER IV.

WHILE Mr. Bull was taking advice, the Holybear was taking more vigorous steps. Being the pursuer, the Colonel had the choice of ground, and he resolved to attack his enemy in two directions at once, taking possession of his premises as far as possible. Of course the mutinous clerks gave him their sneaking aid, and everything at first went so well for the aggressor, that he returned thanks in Church more than once. These partial successes began in the court situated to the right of the Arcade which by this time had become famous. Here one of the leaders gained much favour. According to Serjeant Melikoff (that was the man's name), no human being could be so good as the Head of the Holybear family, the plaintiff in the action. His sole object, so the Serjeant said, was to prevent the Bashaw from ill-using their clerks, by preventing them from spending their Sundays as they liked. This talk might have been humbug, but it produced such a good effect, and the case looked so promising in other ways, that a silly cadet of the Holybear, one Michael Archduke, thought all must go well, and therefore that the time had come for him to show that he was the real leader in the whole affair. So he appeared on the scene, and being as ignorant of his profession as he was obstinate, he made such a series of blunders, that the prospects of success were clouded over, and the result became uncertain. Curiously enough, affairs in the left hand court proceeded in a very similar fashion. Here also a cadet of the Holybears, more foolish, hotheaded, ignorant, and insolent, if possible, than his brother Michael, was placed, by favour of course, at the head of affairs, and the mischievous results of such deposition soon showed themselves. But here also, just at first, everything encouraged the man's arrogance. It was, in fact, reported that Holybears had succeeded in getting over a point greatly relied upon for the defence, by arranging a cross with Father Danube, who was running through a fine estate, and it was even thought that a pushing fellow called Serjeant O'Gourke, had succeeded in gaining the ear of the Balken, who on former occasions had done good service to the Bashaws. But although it appeared that one or two of the Balkens, through the treachery of the mutinous clerks, had permitted some approaches to be made, Shepka at last kicked O'Gourke down the passages, and it was believed that the blundering movements of Nicholas Archduke had conduced to their unpleasant treatment. On Bashaw side the leaders were strong in their way, especially a relation of Mr. Bull called Hobart, who had taken the additional name of Bashaw. But the chief reliance was placed on some Attorneys, who go by nicknames, what might perhaps be applied to others of the professions. At all events, they were called Messrs. Plague, Pestilence, and Famine.

Whilst their actions were proceeding with various success, the news reached Holybear's ears that Mr. Bull was treating with the Bashaws for the purchase of that part of the Arcade—it was a mere alley—then occupied by one Polly Gally. Nothing could exceed the astonishment of the Colonel when he was told this. If he had been the sort of man that his friends supposed him to be, he would have rejoiced to find that some part of the Bashaw property was about to fall into hands at least as clear as his own. This, however, was not his feeling. On the contrary, he was in a fury, and coming to Mr. Bull with cocked revolvers in his belt, he said "D—you, Sir (for pious as all th' Holybear's ex-officers are, they swear awfully) "D—you Sir, this is blank, blank, blank, unhandsome conduct. If you could not help me to fight these ungodly Bashaws, you need not have fought against me, especially after the Edinburgh Sweetmeats which I gave you." "I have made up my mind," replied Mr. Bull, "not to fight at all; actions of this sort are expensive amusements in these days." "But you are helping the Bashaws," shouted Holybear with a volley of oaths. "How?" enquired Mr. Bull. "By buying their land," replied Holybear. "I was wise enough to buy what people have to sell,"

said Mr. Bull. "I've learnt the A.B.C of civil action if you have not. Besides," he added "Did you not sell Alaska to my cousin Yank without consulting me although the premises joined mine." "But," urged Holybear, they will use your money in their actions against me." "Then settle with them," said Mr. Bull. "I'll settle them," said Holybear furiously. "I'll corner them. I'll have them out of house and home" "Holybear," said Mr. Bull quietly, "You and I must come to an understanding—you tell me that you don't want this Arcade. According to your account, all you want is the present and future happiness of Bashaw poor clerks. Well, that may be your wish, but it's my belief that your interference has made them more miserable than they were before. But if this is all that you want, I'm helping you by buying Polly Gally's premises, for anyone knows that my people are better used than your's are. So, if I carry out my purchase, many more clerks will be prosperous than are prosperous now, and the only persons to suffer will be such horrible fellows as Plague, Pestilence, and Famine, whom, by the bye, if you go on as you have been going on lately, you will have more of than you like, and near home too. But if you are trying to get the whole of the Arcade now, by entering these actions, as you tried to get it in the days of poor Aswas (here Holybear winced) tried to get it," and here Mr. Bull raised his voice, "by cajoling and frightening that poor old Bashaw till he, in a fit of D. T., asked you to keep his keys; if you are up to this, and I think this is your little game, I mean to be even with you, and to divide. The Bosphorus half of the Arcade you may have by your actions, if you can get it, and if that big German will let you keep it, which I doubt, for he's no fool, if you are; but I shall have the premises of Polly Gally by fair purchase, and they will cost me less than a week of lawing." "What good will they do," said Holybear. "Why," replied Mr. Bull, "when I'm there you will not be able to shut up both gates of the Arcade, and if you won't let me out at one end, I won't let you out at the other." "You shall hear more of this," shouted Holybear, as he rushed away cursing. "That's checkmate," he howled, when he reached his day shop. "I shall gain nothing worth having now, if I get a verdict, and if I don't, I'm ruined; what a fool I was to go in for this business." After this he gave his better half, whom he kept in confinement, an extra beating. The poor woman, before he married her against her will, had been the loveliest creature in Wildnisplace. She was a pole.

THE TOWN HALL CEREMONY.

THE opinion is beginning to prevail more and more that the Mayor and Corporation are rapidly lapsing into idiocy under the pressure of their anticipations of what is shortly to come off. The climax of absurdity in an extravagantly absurd business is marked by the proposal, leisurely made and entertained, that the members of the Corporation should at 1 p.m. march through the streets in evening dress, and that each member should wear a "distinctive badge," so that there should be no mistake among the populace as to the identity of each individual! We have not space for many suggestions, but we submit the following, which may easily be enlarged upon:—

His Worship the Mayor—An old woman's bonnet and a pair of pattens.
Councillor Griffin—A muzzel.
Alderman Bennet—A label "this end up."
Alderman Murray—A shamrock and shillelagh.
Alderman Lamb—A broken head.
Etc., etc.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of manuscripts sent to us.
One of the Nine.—Yes—the Aul-nine.
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Dining and Drawing Room Clocks and Bronzes, &c.; Electro-plated Tea and Coffee Services, Cruets, Forks, Spoons, &c.; Gold and Silver Watches; 9, 15, and 18-carat Hall-marked Alberts; and a General Stock to suit the requirements of the Trade.

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Railway Announcements.

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On and from June 30th, 1877,
CHEAP EXCURSION TICKETS
Will be issued to
SMITHY BRIDGE,
FOR
HOLLINGWORTH LAKE,
FROM
MANCHESTER,
MILES PLATTING, MIDDLETON,
MIDDLETON JUNCTION.

See bills for particulars.
WM. THORLEY, Chief Traffic Manager.
Hunt's Bank, Manchester, June 28, 1877.

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Shortest and most Direct Route from Manchester to the
ISLE OF MAN

Via FLEETWOOD

(Sea passage, about three and a half hours).

Commencing July 2nd, and until September 15th, 1877, an
EXPRESS TRAIN will leave Manchester (Victoria Station)
at 12 noon, and the STEAMER will arrive at

DOUGLAS

About 5.30 p.m.

Tourist tickets for two calendar months will be issued as
under:—

1st Class and Saloon..... 19s. 6d.
2nd Class and Saloon..... 17s. 0d.
3rd Class and Deck..... 10s. 0d.

The steamer will leave Douglas at 8 a.m., and the train
in connection will be due to leave Fleetwood at 12.50 p.m.
The tickets are available by the Fleetwood route only.

An improved service of EXPRESS TRAINS is now in
operation between

**MANCHESTER and LYTHAM,
BLACKPOOL, FLEETWOOD, & SOUTHPORT.**

See bills for particulars.
WM. THORLEY, Chief Traffic Manager.
Hunt's Bank, Manchester, June 18, 1877.

ARTHUR H. BURGESS,
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BY STEAM POWER,
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DOUBLE BASSES, by CRANK.** The entire Stock of
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Some of them have been made 50 years, and are equal to
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Do. Finer Dinner Wine....	16s.
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CARLOWITZ (Hungarian).....	22s.
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SUMMER WINES—WHITE.

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VIN DE GRAVE.....	18s.
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CHARLES.....	24s.
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OEDENBURGER Do.....	26s.

These will be found very pleasant, refreshing
DINNER WINES for the warm weather.

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**IRON BEDS complete with Mattress,
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